

ALL THE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH, PHOTOGRAPH, AND PARAGRAPH.

The Daily

1/2d.

ILLUSTRATED

Mirror.

NEW
SERIAL
PAGES 9 and 10.

A Paper for Men and Women.

No. 142.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, APRIL 18, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

GOVERNMENT GOLF ON SATURDAY.



HON. A. J. BALFOUR.



HON. A. LYTTELTON.

The Prime Minister and the Colonial Secretary were among the players for the House of Commons golf team, which was badly beaten by the Ranelagh Club on Saturday.
—(Special "Mirror" photographs.)

"THE WHEAT KING," SATURDAY'S NEW PLAY.



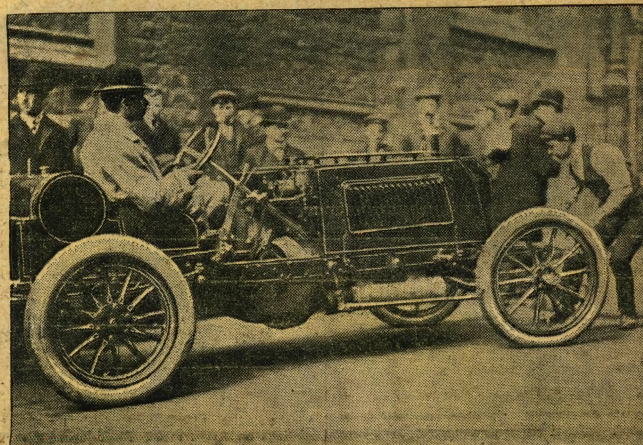
The great Corn Exchange in Chicago, commonly known as "the Pit," is the centre round which the new play, "The Wheat King," at the Adelphi turns. In this scene the crowd of speculators are jeering at Mr. Murray Carson (the Wheat King), who has failed to corner the market.—(Special "Mirror" photograph.)

ADMIRAL TOGO—THE BRAIN BEHIND JAPAN.



Splendid as is the Japanese Navy, its wonderful success is the work of one man—Admiral Togo. His is the brain which controls and directs its power. The foundation of his naval success was laid on the British training ship Worcester in 1873 and 1874. During the Chinese and Japanese War he commanded the Naniwa, which sank the troopship Kowshing, carrying Chinese troops. The Kowshing was commanded by Captain Galsworthy in 1879 and 1880. Captain Galsworthy was nearly drowned, but his life was saved by Admiral Togo, who sent a boat to rescue him.

GORDON BENNETT CARS "WEIGH IN" AT THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.



In order to choose the three cars which shall represent England in the Gordon Bennett Cup race special eliminating trials are held. On Saturday the cars which are to compete in these trials mustered at the Automobile Club, in Piccadilly. On the left is the Darracq car, an English car, in spite of its name. On the right is the Napier car, driven by Mr. Mark Mayhew, who competed in the Paris to Madrid race last year.—(Special "Mirror" photographs.)

STILL FIGHTING.

Three Hours' Bombardment
by Japanese.

RUSSIA'S FLIGHT.

Tsar Advised to Evacuate Port
Arthur.

Admiral Togo, in a detailed report of his eighth attack on Port Arthur, states that a Japanese torpedo flotilla laid mines at midnight on Tuesday, in defiance of the enemy's searchlights.

At dawn on Wednesday the Russian destroyer Strashni, while trying to enter the harbour, was attacked and sunk. A Japanese fleet came up at eight o'clock, and the Russian fleet sailed out to meet them.

The Japanese gradually retired, firing slowly, and enticed the Russians fifteen miles out. Suddenly summoning another fleet by wireless telegraphy, the combined Japanese fleets attacked the Russian ships, which fled to the harbour.

In entering, the Petropavlovsk struck some of the Japanese mines and blew up. The port was bombarded on Thursday, when two forts were silenced.

On Friday the shelling was renewed.

The most recent blow to Russia's Port Arthur squadron is another laurel for Admiral Togo, the patient but eminently resourceful Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese navy, who has been appropriately described as "the Nelson of Japan."

The modestly worded official account, in which he explains the great disaster of the Petropavlovsk, is an eloquent tribute to his capacity as a commander, and shows how well he has learned from English models the lesson of naval tactics.

When he commenced the crushing of China by sinking the Chinese troopship Kowshing in the war with that country he laid the foundation of a reputation which will be worthy to rank with that of the immortal Nelson.

During many weary weeks, amidst storm and tempest, with ice-encrusted ships, he has waited off Port Arthur, with all the doggedness and patience for which he is famed, for an opportunity to deliver what would be a crushing blow to the enemy's fleet. Infected by his enthusiasm, and inspired by his unparalleled skill and determination, his weather-beaten tars uncompromisingly bore all the hardships attendant upon their prolonged exposure to the angry elements, confident that in the Admiral's good time victory would be theirs.

How well their devotion to their chief and their country has been rewarded is shown in the simple record given by the Admiral himself of his eighth attack on Port Arthur last week.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.

A telegram from Port Arthur says:—At six o'clock this morning a small Japanese squadron appeared on the horizon, but soon drew off. At ten o'clock the hostile ships, numbering in all twenty-three, were again sighted. They formed into two divisions, one taking up a position behind Liao-ti-Shan, and, shelling the shore and Tiger Peninsula, while the other bombarded Golden Hill and the other batteries from opposite the roadstead.

The fire continued intermittently until one in the afternoon. Our ships replied with an indirect fire and made good practice, one shot damaging a Japanese cruiser. According to other reports two Japanese ships were injured. No damage was done by the enemy to the forts or the town. Some Chinese were killed, and two Chinese and two Russians were wounded.

In military circles here the general opinion prevails that the object of the latest bombardment of Port Arthur by the Japanese was to mask and facilitate a landing of troops.—Reuter.

FINAL ATTACK EXPECTED.

TOKIO, Saturday.

It is believed that Admiral Togo is aware of the serious damage inflicted on the Russians on Wednesday and has decided to remain before Port Arthur and to renew the assault vigorously in the hope of dealing a final blow to the Russian fleet.

Admiral Togo's reason for detaching one of his torpedo flotilla on Thursday has not been revealed, but it is probable that it carried orders to Admiral Uru to bring up his squadron, or to send collier or ammunition.—Reuter.

PORT ARTHUR'S FALL REPORTED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday night.

It is reported here that the Japanese have landed near Port Arthur, and are preparing for a siege.

BERLIN, Saturday night.

The Berlin "Kreuzzeitung" publishes a telegram stating that Port Arthur has fallen.

PORT ARTHUR TO BE ABANDONED?

According to a message from Mukden, General Kuropatkin has advised the Tsar to abandon Port Arthur, which, in the General's opinion, is of no further advantage to the Russian forces, and that its retention is dangerous to the garrison.

A St. Petersburg message says that formal instructions have been sent to Admiral Alexieff not to allow the fleet to leave Port Arthur until the arrival of Admiral Skrydloff.

With a view to retrenchments, necessitated by the war, the Tsar has ordered the operations of the Nobles' and Peasants' Banks, which make loans, to be restricted for the present.—Reuter.

MINES AT MIDNIGHT.

By Daring Strategy Admiral
Togo Blew Up the
Petropavlovsk.

The eagerly expected official despatch from Admiral Togo was issued last evening from the Japanese Legation, and makes it clear that the hapless Petropavlovsk and her gallant Admiral met their doom through a clever trick on the part of the Japanese commander, whose resource and energy have been marvellous.

Taking advantage of the darkness of night Admiral Togo laid mines at midnight outside Port Arthur, and though the Russians were supposed to be on the look-out he escaped detection. Next day he lured the Russian ships out to battle. They fell into the trap, the flagship collided with one of the carefully-prepared mines, and was destroyed. Various other theories are still advanced on the Russian side, but there is no doubt as to the correctness of Admiral Togo's version.

THE EIGHTH ATTACK.

The full text of the statement issued from the Japanese Legation is:—

Admiral Togo reports as follows:—On the 11th our submarines commenced, as previously planned, the eighth attack on Port Arthur. The 4th and 5th destroyer flotillas, the 14th torpedo flotilla, and the Koryomaru reached the mouth of Port Arthur at midnight of the 12th, and effected the laying of mines at several points outside the port, defying the enemy's searchlights.

"At dawn of the 13th the 2nd destroyer flotilla discovered one Russian destroyer trying to enter the harbour, and, after ten minutes' attack, sunk her.

"Another Russian destroyer was discovered coming from the direction of Liao-ti-Shan. We shot at her, but she managed to flee into the harbour. There were no casualties on our side except two seamen on the Ikazuchi, slightly wounded.

"There was no time to rescue the enemy's drowning crew, as the Bayan approached. The 3rd fleet reached outside of Port Arthur at 8 a.m., when the Bayan came out and opened fire.

Immediately after this the Novik, Askold, Diana, Petropavlovsk, Pobieda, and Poltava came out, and made offensive attack upon us.

ENTICED FIFTEEN MILES OUT.

"Our 3rd fleet tardily answering, and gradually retiring, enticed the enemy fifteen miles south-east of the port, when our first fleet, being informed through wireless telegraphy from the 3rd fleet, suddenly appeared before the enemy and attacked them.

"While the enemy was trying to regain the port, a vessel of the Petropavlovsk type struck the mines laid by us on the previous evening, and sank at 10.32 a.m. Another ship was observed to have lost freedom of movement, but the confusion of the enemy's ships prevented us from identifying her. They finally managed to regain the port. Our 3rd fleet suffered no damage.

"The enemy's damage was, besides the above-mentioned, probably slight also. Our first fleet did not reach the distance of 15 miles. Our fleets retired at 1 p.m., prepared for another attack.

"On the 14th our fleet sailed again to Port Arthur, with the 2nd, 4th, and 5th destroyer flotillas, and the 19th torpedo flotilla joined at 3 a.m., and the 3rd fleet at 7 a.m. No enemy's ships were seen outside the port.

"Our 1st fleet arrived there at 9 a.m., and discovering three mines laid by the enemy, destroyed them all. The Kasuga and Nishin were dispatched to the west of Liao-ti-Shan. They made indirect bombardment for two hours, this being the first action. The new forts at Liao-ti-Shan were finally silenced. Our forces retired at 1.30 p.m."

DEATH-ROLL NEARLY 800.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg says:—"The number of the victims of the Petropavlovsk disaster has been officially announced. Forty officers and 750 seamen perished."—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.

The belief that the Japanese are employing submarines is steadily gaining ground here. M. Suvorin, the director of the "Novoye Vremya," declares that he has received information that last summer the Japanese Government ordered some of these craft, which were sent out to Japan by the Nishin and Kasuga. M. Suvorin is of opinion that the Japanese lured the Russians to the spot where the submarines were lying in wait, with the result that the Petropavlovsk was blown up and the Pobieda torpedoed.—Reuter.

GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR'S OPINION.

In the course of an interview with the "Matin" correspondent at St. Petersburg the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovich, after relating how his son, the Grand Duke Cyril, escaped, said:

"We all think here that the explosion which cost the life of Admiral Makarov and of so many brave sailors must have been brought about by a Japanese submarine. Doubtless, a submarine launched the torpedo which struck the battleship in the region of the engine-room and caused an explosion of the boilers. We knew that the Japanese possessed two submarines, but we could not suppose that they would be rash enough to send these boats such a distance from their fleet and leave them to venture as far as the entrance into the channel at Port Arthur. The submarine which did so, of course, must certainly have sunk."

The Grand Duke admitted, however, that the catastrophe might have been caused by displaced Russian mines.

GREAT PICTURE'S OBJECT.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.

The late M. Verestchagin went to the Far East to make studies and collect material for a series of paintings on scenes in the Russo-Japanese war, which he proposed eventually to show in an exhibition to be called "The Horrors of War."

The body of the famous painter has been recovered.—Reuter.

FIGHTING IN CLOUDS.

A Strange Action Among
Snow-clad Tibetan
Peaks.

Reuter's correspondent at Gyantse, in a telegram received last night, says the action in the Red Idol Gorge on April 10 is chiefly remarkable for the physical conditions under which the men fought.

The Tibetans had posted about twenty leather cannon and jingals, and opened a continuous fire as soon as we came into view, but all the missiles fell short. The mountain guns came into action, and for twenty minutes an artillery duel was kept up. Then a great snow cloud swept over the hills hiding the enemy from view, and it became intensely cold. The troops and their followers lighted scrub fires to warm themselves.

Meanwhile the Tibetans kept on firing through the clouds. The snowstorm lasted about an hour.

When the British force got into touch with the Tibetans the latter could be seen running about the rocks and descending into the valley with leaps in a great flight. The mounted infantry pursued them, killing many. The troops could have killed more, but the officers restrained their men.

Large numbers of Tibetans were found hiding in caves in terror. These were called out and reassured, and were told to break their swords and matchlocks, which they did with manifest delight, dancing and jumping on them with pleasure. They were brought down into camp as prisoners. Many are now working with us as doolie-bearers. They explained that they were peasants and did not want to fight, but were forced to do so by the Lamas, who threatened to burn down their villages.

As a certain number of monks fought against the British, Colonel Younghusband asked for an explanation from the Abbot of the Gyantse Monastery, who replied that the monks were forced to fight by the Lhasa officials, and that they prayed to be forgiven. Colonel Younghusband said that the offence was most serious, and that in future the monks must confine themselves to religious duties. A fine was levied on the monastery.

A resolution in regard to the payment from Indian revenues of the expenses incurred for the protection of the British mission to Tibet will be moved to-morrow in the House of Lords by the Earl of Hardwicke, Under-Secretary of State for India, by direction of Lord Lansdowne.

BURIED ALIVE.

Three Days in an Improvised
Tomb.

A tramp named Johnson, a native of Mansfield, had a remarkable escape from being literally buried alive.

Entering a house in course of erection in Lyme-road, Leicester, he crept under a partly laid floor and went to sleep. When he awoke the following morning the workmen had arrived and were busy with their hammers finishing putting down the flooring beneath which the man was lying. Fearing detection Johnson remained quiet and allowed himself to be fastened in as securely as if he were in his coffin.

When night again arrived, and the carpenters had gone, Johnson endeavoured to get out of his narrow prison; then it was that the awful truth dawned on him. He was buried alive.

Three days later the workmen engaged in the house heard faint and mysterious sounds proceeding from beneath the floor. "Give me water; give me water," moaned the voice, and the terrified workmen sent for a policeman. An aperture was made in the floor, and there slowly emerged a half-starved looking man about thirty years of age. It was Johnson, more dead than alive. He said he had passed through untold mental tortures. How long he had been boxed in he was at first unable to say, for in his awful plight an hour to him had seemed an eternity.

WHEN JAP MEETS BRITON.

Great Wrestling Match To-day Between
Yukio Tani and Mellor.

Yukio Tani, the unconquered Japanese wrestler, meets Jim Mellor, of Stalybridge, the Lancashire light-weight champion, at the Tivoli this afternoon to wrestle for the light-weight championship in the catch-as-catch-can style.

The great point in the Jap's wrestling methods is that no umpire is required. The man who wrestles with Tani and is defeated acknowledges his own defeat by signalling that he is unable to move.

In his match to-day with Jim Mellor Yukio Tani will concede a great point, as Mellor will win the fall if he pin Tani's shoulders to the ground. The hang and the full Nelson are not to be used in the contest. Numerous challengers of Tani who have eventually been defeated have pinned his shoulders to the ground, but in Japanese wrestling this does not conclude the bout.

Next Saturday Mellor will meet Hugh Lammont, of America, at the Crystal Palace to wrestle for £1,000. If Mellor defeats Tani to-day Saturday's match will decide the light-weight championship of the world in the catch-as-catch-can style.

Portraits of Mellor and Tani appear on page 6.

The fire in the palace of the Korean Emperor caused a loss of £500,000. The Emperor will not live in his other palace, because he fears the ghost of the murdered Empress. He therefore remains in the mines.

LANDING 'THE ASHES'

Rousing Reception of Warner
and His Men on Their Return
to Old England.

ENTHUSIASTIC SCENES.

Bronzed and beaming, thirteen stalwart sons of England—the thew and sinew, pluck and skill which Pelham Clinton Warner had led from victory to victory in the far Antipodes—stepped back upon their native shore at Dover yesterday afternoon at the hour of five, and with them they brought "the ashes." As if to add lustre to the glory which the returning heroes had gallantly won for themselves, the sun shone from a cloudless sky, the wind was soft and languorous as a woman's kiss, and the spreading waters of the Channel slept peacefully.

THE SCENE AT LANDING.

As only passengers are allowed upon its great railway jetties, Dover—ever a good sporting town—was partially robbed of the first chance of doing honour to a band of men whose praises are even now ringing in the ears of the nation. Some venturesome spirits, however, defied the authority and conventions of the railway company, and, gaining vantage ground somehow, raised a cheer which, although lacking in volume, was the loudest beyond reproach. The military element was characteristically enthusiastic, although it had to admire from a distance and form its opinions as to who was who by means of rapid guesswork. The parapet overlooking the carriage wharf was crowded, and as the Queen slowly started alongside the necks were craned in order that the slightest view of even only one of the heroes might not be missed.

Mr. Warner, in a long dust-coat and straw hat, was among the very first of the party to land. He took the after-gangway, and was ashore almost before any one had noticed him. It cannot truthfully be said that he looked like the Australian sun has left a deep imprint upon his clean-shaven face, but his clear eyes were not illuminated by the smile which is usually their tenant. Altogether he looked worried and a trifle thin, and he did not appear to relish the attentions of the ubiquitous interviewer as he took his seat in the train for Victoria.

PICTURES OF HEALTH.

In contrast to Mr. Warner, the record score-maker, Mr. R. E. Foster, looked the picture of health. As a matter of fact, it was easily seen that his wide-world trip had done him a world of good. Mr. Bousquet has not taken the sun quite so much as some of the others, and he, like Mr. Warner, did not seem to be overjoyed because he was home again.

The professionals of the party were as merry as children. Fielder bade good-bye to his comrades on the pier, as he was proceeding direct to his Kenish home. This led to an interchange of cheery compliments and reminiscences the while the porters belloyed the numbers of the passengers' luggage and the guards shouted, "Take your places!" One caught a glimpse of Lacey Rhodes, Stridwick, Arnold, Tyldesley, and Hayward ere the train swallowed them up and bore them away. Each and every man looked the picture of health and happiness, as well they might be after such a wonderful trip as they said they had had.

BACK IN LONDON.

The journey to town was uneventful if we except the fact that the train was forty-five minutes late. On reaching Victoria we found the platform and approaches crammed as if for a royal reception, men and women, boys and girls clambered on seats, the roofs of cabs and other points of vantage. When the portion of the train containing Mr. Warner and his men steamed into the station a great shout went up, and it continued with great strength until the members of the party had contrived, after much pressing and squeezing and hand-shaking, and shouting to reach their various cabs and take their departure.

To meet Mr. Warner came Mr. A. J. Webbe, Mr. F. E. Lacey, Mr. W. J. Seton, and a large number of the ground and amateur sportsmen. There were no doubt many other prominent sporting people present, but it was impossible to distinguish them in the crush.

The last words that the victorious captain of the M.C.C. eleven heard as he settled back in his "growler" were "well done, old boy, you pay on The Ashes at Dover Plummy." The familiarity was forgivable under the circumstances.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT, at 9. JOSEPH ENGANCED, by Henry Arthur Jones. 10. THE PRISONER OF WAR, by J. M. Barrie. Preceded at 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOL. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MASTER'S THEATRE. MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS.

By David Belasco and John Luther Long.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

Romantic Comedy, entitled.

MISS ELIZABETH PRISONER.

Capit. Harry Potter. Preceded at 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOL.

FIRST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 2.30.

Box-office open at 10. Telephone 4138. Seats 6d.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING at 8.30 in

"SATURDAY TO MONDAY."

An Irresponsible Comedy in Three Acts.

Frederick Fox and Richard Pryor.

FIRST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, April 20, at 2.30.

And EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY following.

STRAND THEATRE. Proprietor and Man-

ager, Mr. FRANK GUYTON. A GAY DEER HONEY-

MOON is a comedy, by George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

THE OXFORD.—MARIE LLOYD, in a new

and comic play, "THE OXFORD."

HARRY RANDALL, GEORGE ROBEY, George Law-

wood, GUS ELEN, The McNaughtons, HARRY LAUREL,

the Poleska, and a host of other stars.

Open 7.35. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.

Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Their Majesties the King and Queen leave Copenhagen on their return to England this morning. It is expected that the royal party will reach London to-morrow evening.—(Page 2.)

Port Arthur was bombarded on Thursday and Friday. It is reported that the port has fallen, and that General Kuropatkin has advised the Tsar to abandon it. Songchin, a port on the north-east coast of Korea, has been occupied by a small body of Cossacks.—(Page 2.)

Admiral Togo's official report of his eighth attack on Port Arthur shows that at midnight on Tuesday a Japanese destroyer flotilla laid mines outside Port Arthur. At dawn a Russian destroyer was caught trying to enter the harbour and was sunk. Later a Japanese fleet appeared and tempted the Russian fleet fifteen miles out, when a second fleet was suddenly summoned by wireless telegraphy, and the combined Japanese fleets chased the Russians back to port. In entering the Petropavlovsk blew up.—(Page 2.)

While the Great Northern Railway sleeping-car Scotch express was running through Darlington Station it came into collision with a light engine. Courage shown by the drivers and firemen alone saved a terrible disaster. The passengers escaped unhurt.—(Page 3.)

"Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," the new play, of which Mr. Lyall Swete and Mr. F. M. Stephens are the joint authors, was produced at the Imperial Theatre on Saturday.—(Page 3.)

A second new play, "The Wheat King," was performed for the first time at the Apollo Theatre.—(Page 3.)

Lord Roberts escaped serious injury in the accident which befell him while hunting with the Beaufort Hounds. In accordance with arrangements, his lordship spent the week-end at Bath.—(Page 3.)

Pleading the Gaming Act a Richmond lady successfully defended an action brought against her by a firm of commission agents to recover £445. This sum was stated to have been lost in a week at Ascot.—(Page 5.)

Mr. Richard Wallis, a gunmaker, who was called to give expert evidence in the Tooting shooting case, has been found dead under circumstances indicating suicide.—(Page 5.)

Dr. Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self-Help," which was translated into seventeen languages, died at his residence in West London on Saturday. He is to be buried at Brompton.—(Page 5.)

At Tarrington, near Ledbury, there has been a sad gun fatality. The weapon was being cleaned when it exploded, a young woman named Meek being instantly killed.—(Page 5.)

For stealing by means of a trick, a girl of seventeen was at Marylebone sent for three months' hard labour. She was described by the police as a bold and ingenious thief.—(Page 5.)

Unveiling the Nelson memorial tablet at Bath, Lord Selborne gave a detailed account of the circumstances under which the submarine A1 sunk.—(Page 3.)

The Countess of Clancarty, who has been under the care of Professor Doyen, is not so well.—(Page 4.)

The new premises of the Enterprise Club for lady clerks, in Lendalham-street, were opened by the Lord Mayor on Saturday.—(Page 4.)

Ideal springlike weather prevailed in London, and the parks and open spaces were thronged.—(Page 3.)

In the High Court, Mr. J. H. Leigh, lessee of the Court Theatre, obtained judgment of £380 due from Mr. C. Lauder Young, sub-tenant, for arrears of rent and money lent. Plaintiff stated that he brought action merely as a matter of legal form.—(Page 5.)

Described as of independent means, a young woman named Morgan was remanded by the Highgate Bench on a charge of burglary. She alleges the police have made a mistake.—(Page 5.)

In Milton-street, City, on Saturday a young man cut his throat with a razor and was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital in a critical condition.—(Page 4.)

Constable W. Funnell, of the H Division, who recently saved the life of a child at a Spitalfields fire, was on Saturday presented by the magistrate with a framed testimonial for his courage.—(Page 5.)

East End police authorities are endeavouring to trace the whereabouts of a four-year-old girl who mysteriously disappeared a week ago.—(Page 5.)

Threatened by the crowd, Mr. James Toope, a Hyde Park orator, was, for his own safety, taken into custody by the police. At Marlborough-street he was bound over to be of good behaviour.—(Page 5.)

For notes on the Epsom Spring meeting this week and prospects of fancied candidates see special article.—(Page 10.)

Woolwich Arsenal by dividing points with Grimsby on the latter's ground on Saturday have made their prospects of promotion into League I much better.—(Page 11.)

On the Stock Exchange there was less business but markets remained cheerful. Home Rails were unchanged and Americans better. In foreign securities Japanese bonds advanced sharply, this lending colour to the talk of a new loan.—(Page 11.)

To-day's Arrangements.

Viking Club: Annual dinner, Inns of Court Hotel, 7.30.
The Sociological Society: Dr. E. Westermarck on "Woman in Early Civilization," London School of Economics, Clare Market, 8.0.
Central Criminal Court: April Sessions begin.
Conservation of the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry Lodge by Sir E. Letchworth, Freemasons' Hall, 8.30.
London Presbyterian Literary Societies' Union: Jubilee Commemorative Dinner, Mr. C. D. Robertson presiding, Inns of Court Hotel, 8.45.
Merrill Society: Matinee performance of Congreve's "Way of the World," Court Theatre.
Racquets: The Amateur Championships begin, Queen's Club, West Kensington.

SLEEPERS IN DANGER.

Unconscious Passengers Saved by a Driver's Coolness.

EXPRESS'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

The Great Northern sleeping-car express has had a narrow escape from destruction. Only the prompt action of an engine-driver prevented what might have been one of the most deplorable railway accidents of recent times. As it was, the escape of the express was almost miraculous, for three wrecked locomotives, two mounted on the third, and all three in hopeless entanglement, travelled for no less than three hundred yards without leaving the rails, or causing injury to the passenger coaches.

The 8.15 from King's Cross to Scotland is one of the best-patronised trains to the North. That which was in such peril on Saturday was made up of ten large passenger cars drawn by two express locomotives, the whole weighing over four hundred tons.

The train neared Darlington about one o'clock in the morning. This station is on the eighty mile stretch between York and Newcastle, which is covered in under ninety minutes. Thus, allowing for the unavoidable "slacks up," when passing over Durham Viaduct and the Tyne high-level bridge, the mean speed is fully a mile a minute.

The night was damp and rather foggy, and the rails consequently greasy.

A Terrible Moment.

The long express, with its two engines, thundered through the silent station, when suddenly Turner, the driver of the leading engine, saw the dark form of another engine loom up in the darkness. To put on the brakes was the work of a second, when he and his fireman were hurled insensible among the coals in the tender.

The collision arose through a small six-wheeled tank shunting-engine being in the path of the express. How this was allowed on the main line at the time when the express was due, of course, be the subject of an inquiry. Park, the driver, saw the express charging down on him at sixty miles an hour, when it was only twenty yards off. He threw the lever over to full-speed-ahead, and he and his mate jumped for their lives.

It was his presence of mind, in starting his engine, that saved the express. The clumsy shunting-engine responded quickly to a full head of steam, and travelled fifty yards before being overtaken by the express. It thus had a good way on, and lessened the force of impact.

The collision, however, was severe. The rear of the shunting-engine was knocked upward, and embedded in the smoke-stack of the leading express engine. Fortunately, and almost miraculously, the front wheels kept the metals. The tank and express engine reared upon end and mounted the tender in front, but the rear wheels never left the line.

The three engines thus ran over the greasy rails for 300 yards, before the brakes brought the ponderous load behind to a standstill.

Marvellous Escape.

Strange to relate, no one beyond the driver and fireman of the leading engine were in any way injured, and they were only shaken.

Those passengers occupying the sleeping berths were not even aware that anything untoward had happened.

After only forty minutes' delay the driver and fireman of the second engine continued the journey with another engine, the engine driver and fireman of the first engine travelling as passengers.

"MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER."

If ever there was a play to chase the blue devils away, it is "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," which was produced by Mr. Lewis Waller at the Imperial on Saturday. It clears air and heart with laughter, it charms, it touches, it surprises.

Mr. Lyall Swete has thrown overboard the old convention that a romance must be in five long acts and four long intervals. Three bright acts and not a moment wasted is Mr. Lyall Swete's prescription for sending people home unfatigued and cheerily satisfied.

The first act we see the capture of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," Captain Peyton, who is, of course, no one else than Mr. Lewis Waller, an American officer in the War of Independence.

When Captain Peyton finds himself the captive of a woman, he decides to fight her with her own weapons. She has sent for her betrothed (Mr. Norman McKinnell), who is an English officer. He and his men will be at the door in half an hour. There is only one chance for Captain Peyton. He must make love to Miss Elizabeth. He must win her in that half-hour. That he does, as only Mr. Waller can, and with such promptitude and success that Miss Elizabeth sends her very betrothed on a wild-goose chase to save her rascal prisoner's life.

When she finds that his love-making was all pretence she is furious, of course; but by that time he had fallen in love with her in reality. So he, having quite lost his heart to him, sends her English lover packing, and decides to become an American, too. It is difficult to know which to commend most in "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," its vigour or its prettiness.

PLOT AGAINST M. LOUBET.

An Anarchist plot has been discovered at Mar-seilles, and has resulted in the arrest of three men.

From the first information obtained it appears that a barber, named Michaeli Giovanni, in a meeting held in a bar, announced his intention of killing President Loubet during his visit to Italy.

A search which was made in the bar by the Procurator of the Republic resulted in the discovery of a photograph representing the review held on July 14 by the President, the word "morte" being written across M. Loubet's face.

An Italian named Carzoli, who wrote the word, has been arrested as well as Pomini, the proprietor of the bar. Searches have now been made at the dwellings of the two men and of their Anarchist comrades.—Reuter.

FATE IN THREE SECONDS.

Lord Selborne Graphically Describes How the A1 Went Down.

Lord Selborne has given a remarkably vivid word-picture of what happened to the submarine A1 on that fatal Friday when she sank to her last resting-place near the Nab lightship. It was while unveiling the Nelson memorial tablet at Bath that the First Lord of the Admiralty reconstructed the scene.

"I think we are able to say," said Lord Selborne, "we know exactly how the accident to our submarine boat occurred. It is just one of those accidents which can never be eliminated from the chances of a naval career."

"The gallant young officer in charge of the boat had a perfect machine at his disposal, and machinery which enabled him very rapidly to scan the whole horizon, but when a boat is submerged, however perfect the machinery for scanning the horizon may be, only a portion of the horizon can be seen at a given moment."

"It is obvious that what an officer in a case like that ought to do is at frequently-recurring intervals to scan the whole horizon, and no one knew that better than the young officer in charge of the boat. But he had his orders to look out for a cruiser called the Juno, and to torpedo her if he could, and I think that in his extreme anxiety to get a sight of this cruiser he forgot too long to scan the rest of the horizon."

Just Too Late.

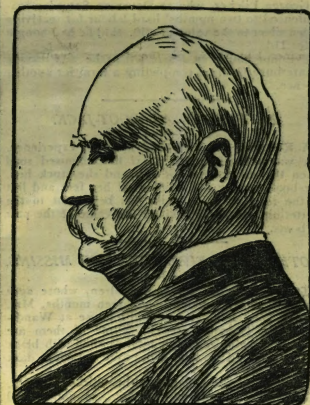
"What followed I think we can tell exactly, because we have recovered from the wreck the remains of the optical tube and a part of the conning tower, and the marks on it are such that I think we can exactly reconstitute the accident. The officer suddenly saw looming in the field of vision the bows of a great ship. He rapidly turned his tube in the direction, and saw that the ship was right on top of him."

"He made his submarine dive. To show the tragedy of the thing it appeared that there was only three seconds between the crew and safety; three seconds more it was believed would have taken the submarine under the ship and the boat would have been saved. That three seconds was just missing, and so the submarine was run down and her crew perished."

Then there was a pause, and a silence as of death. "This," Lord Selborne concluded, "is one of the realities of naval life."

May Be Baised Any Moment.

The authorities have strong hopes that the A1 may be raised very shortly. The divers are making satisfactory progress, and, granted a continuance of fine weather, it is confidently hoped that the submarine will be raised to-day. All the minor leaks have been stopped, and pumping operations were going on yesterday.



MR. W. S. GILBERT, of comic opera fame, has written a new play for Mr. Bouchier. Rehearsals are going on at the Gaiey Theatre, but the strictest secrecy is maintained as to the story of the play.—(Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photograph.)

THE KING'S RETURN.

His Majesty Starts This Morning for Home.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra will leave Copenhagen this morning at eleven o'clock, arriving in London to-morrow evening.

This afternoon the cruisers Dido and Juno and four torpedo-destroyers will leave Sheerness for Flushing, to place themselves under the orders of Commodore Sir A. Berkeley Milne, of the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, and will escort their Majesties across the North Sea.

It is expected that the King and Queen will arrive at Port Victoria Pier to-morrow evening, and the special train which will convey them to London is timed to arrive at Charing Cross at 6.45 p.m.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT HOME.

Prior to his departure for Birmingham on Saturday morning, Mr. Chamberlain drove to No. 10, Downing-street, and had an interview with Mr. Balfour, remaining with him about an hour.

Accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain and his two daughters, Mr. Chamberlain left Euston by the 2.35 p.m. train, arriving in Birmingham about a quarter to five. Few people knew of his arrival, but a small crowd quickly collected, and there was a slight cheer, which Mr. Chamberlain smilingly acknowledged.

The party at once entered a closed carriage and drove to Highbury.

APOSTLE OF "SELF-HELP."

Death of Dr. Smiles, Whose Great Book Has Been Translated Into Seventeen Languages.

Dr. Samuel Smiles, the famous author of "Self-Help," died on Saturday at his residence in Pembroke-gardens, West Kensington, aged ninety-two. Born on December 23, 1812, at Haddington, the birthplace of John Knox, he was at seventeen years of age left an orphan with ten young brothers and sisters by the death of his father.

In 1866 he retired from business pursuits to devote himself to literature.

"Young men, persevere, persevere; it's been the making of me." This saying of George Stephenson was taken by Dr. Smiles as his text through life. He was, in fact, the apostle of perseverance.

During the latter half of the past century his industry was prodigious. He was responsible for an enormous literary output, but biography was his favourite form for pointing the moral he always had at heart—perseverance.

"Self-Help," the monumental work which has been translated into seventeen languages, was, as



DR. SMILES, the famous author of the book on "Self-Help," is dead, at the age of ninety-one.—(Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photograph.)

has frequently been the case with notable books, rejected by the first publisher to whom it was offered. Years afterwards this same publisher asked Dr. Smiles why the work had never been offered him, and was quite unaware that the price had been allowed to pass through his hands with contemptuous indifference.

In England alone over 200,000 copies have been sold—20,000 in the first year of publication—and the numbers which have been issued by the pirate Press of America, unrestrained by any copyright law, can only be vaguely estimated. It was the result of twelve years' work, and had no more appreciative reader than Queen Victoria.

LORD ROBERTS THROWN.

The report that Lord Roberts had met with a serious injury is happily unfounded. There are, however, few men of Lord Roberts's age who could, after being thrown from a horse, sustain absolutely no harm.

His accident occurred while hunting with the Beaufort Hounds, which, although the regular season has concluded, continue to meet privately for the Duke of Beaufort's friends.

Lord Roberts was passing through a gate, which, being insufficiently open, closed rapidly on his horse and entangled the animal's legs. Although thrown, Lord Roberts was not injured, and having arranged to spend the week-end with his sister, Mrs. Sherston, at Bath, he afterwards proceeded there in the Duke of Beaufort's motor-car.

MULLAH TO SURRENDER.

A telegram to the "Rappel" from Aden says:—"The purpose of the Mullah in entering Italian territory is to give himself up to the Italian authorities. The conditions of his surrender have been stipulated beforehand. He will be transported and interned at Massowah."—Reuter.

The King has contributed £225 towards the cost of the enlargement of the parochial school at Dersingham, Norfolk.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY to the Editor photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address:

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,
"Daily Illustrated Mirror,"
2, Carmelite Street, London.

Rooks have built their nests in chimney-pots of the Empire Theatre, at Brighton, and are now sitting on eggs there.

On Thursday the Baroness Burdett-Coutts will enter her ninety-first year, having first seen the light of day on April 21, 1814.

The contract for a second bridge spanning the Nile at Cairo lies between three firms—one French, one Belgian, and that of Sir William Arrol and Sons.

Sir Edward Clarke declares that he is very sorry for those poor panomists who call themselves passive resistors and indulge in the luxury of paying their rates by teapots and sofas.

When washing some clothes, Mrs. White, of Walworth, left her twelve-months-old baby in a room with a bath of boiling water. When she returned the child had fallen in, and it died the next day.

Although she is 160ft. long by 24ft. 6in. in beam, H.M.S. Widgeon, the new gunboat launched from the Yarrow works on Saturday, draws only 25in. of water. She is intended for service in shallow rivers.

St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, one of the City churches built by Wren, may shortly be demolished. The Bishop of London has proposed a commission of inquiry to consider uniting its benefice with that of St. Lawrence, Jewry.

Two women recently died in Bristol leaving behind them property, but no wills or relatives. Miss Kingwell left £259 in cash; Mrs. Burston left a house and £160. No relatives being found their effects have become the property of the Crown.

A mortuary building at St. George's-in-the-East recreation ground is being put to a more popular use than hitherto. The building is now being adapted as a museum for nature study, and will be worked by the Borough Council's museums and Libraries committee.

TWO-YEAR-OLD LINGUISTS.

Mr. Otto Siepmann, of Clifton College, Oxford, says that his children began to learn modern languages at the age of two, and when six years old they could speak English, French, and German.

M.P.'S PROPERTY SEIZED FOR RENT

Cattle and farm stock, the property of Captain Donelan, M.P., has been seized in Cork for rent. The seizure created quite a sensation in the district. Captain Donelan is at present in London attending to his Parliamentary duties.

WINDFALL FOR WORKHOUSE INMATE.

Through the death of a brother an old man named Daniel Bowen, aged seventy-one, an inmate of the workhouse at Llanelli, South Wales, has inherited property to the value of £7,000. Bowen was a tailor, and entered the workhouse last Christmas owing to indifferent health.

YOU MAY PAY FOR PAPER.

A grocer who had been fined for weighing in the paper bag with some sugar he had sold successfully appealed against the sentence at the Wolverhampton Quarter Sessions on Saturday. The customer had paid for 2lb. of sugar, and only received 21oz. instead of 32.

KING AND TINKER.

When the historical beerhouse, The King and Tinker, at Enfield, was granted a full licence by the magistrates on Saturday, it was stated that there were records concerning the place dating back 900 years. James I., when hunting, stopped, and seeing a man with a tankard of beer promptly borrowed it. The man was knighted. The night before their arrest Guy Fawkes and Catesby met in this house.

"CHRONIC STATE OF SURPLUS."

Counsel for M. Oldroyd and Sons, Limited, woollen manufacturers, of Dewsbury, stated in the Chancery Court that the company was "in a chronic state of surplus," as regarded its assets, and that it had £100,000 in deposit at the bank as well as £78,000 cash in hand. Mr. Justice Buckley on Saturday sanctioned the reduction of the capital from £400,000 to £300,000 by the return of £2 per share to the shareholders.

BUFFALO BILL ARRIVES.

Buffalo Bill and his Indians are on English soil. They formed a picturesque crowd as they landed from the Lucania at Liverpool.

"This is positively our last appearance in England," said Colonel Cody to a *Mirror* representative. The Colonel was extremely pleased with the scarf-pin with "Edward VII." in diamonds that had been given him by the King. He "guessed" that he was the only American who had got one, and was warm in his admiration of the King. "We should make him President if he came over," he said.

Fifty more Indians are in the show, and there are to be evolutions by Japanese, many of whom fought in the China-Japanese war. The troupe proceeded to Burton-on-Trent, where they open on the 26th. London will not be visited.

GALLANT LORD MAYOR.

"If you will invite me I will come to your next dance with pleasure. I have not yet quite lost my figure, and I shall insist upon dancing with the prettiest girl among you," said the Lord Mayor of London, addressing the ladies of the Enterprise Club at their new premises in Leadenhall-street on Saturday. The Lady Mayoress was present, having just declared the building open.

Lady Dimsdale established the club, which is for lady clerks and secretaries working in the City, in 1901. It has now over three hundred members, and is self-supporting. In addition to other advantages the institution has shorthand, French, dress-cutting, and music classes, and a library of six hundred volumes.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Despite all efforts to subdue the flames, a motor-car which caught fire in Hove on Saturday was completely destroyed.

Searching on the floor for a florin, a South Kensington octogenarian upset a lamp, and subsequently died from the burns he received.

Sir Charles Wyndham will withdraw "My Lady of Rosedale" from the New Theatre at the end of this month, and a few days later a new comedy, by Mr. Arthur Law, will be produced there.

Amid a scene of great enthusiasm General French unveiled a memorial tablet at the town hall, Folkestone, on Saturday in commemoration of the services of local Volunteers in the late war.

John Martin stands remanded on a charge of assaulting a young dressmaker at Hull. It is alleged that he dragged her into an entry and forced a saturated rag, which is to be analysed, into her mouth.

For "the Madonna and Infant Saviour," a small panel painted by Giovanni Bellini, 1,120 guineas was paid at Messrs. Christie's on Saturday. A "Virgin and Child," by Leonardo da Vinci, realised 1,020 guineas.

Sir George Bartley, M.P., has addressed a question to the Secretary of State for War asking whether, in view of the theft of the historic guns from the Rotunda, Woolwich Common, he will cause a shed to be built over those guns which remain there.

"In no New York theatre," says Mr. Frohman, "is there any provision for refreshment, because no bars are allowed. Having seen the working of the London theatre bars, I intend when I get back to New York to start an agitation for the purpose of reforming our present restrictions."

MUST HAVE A RED NOSE.

"I once tried a character song in which I left off the red nose and baggy trousers so long associated with my name, and the result was fatal," says Mr. J. E. , unvillie, the popular music-hall comedian. "Even the gallery boys shouted out, 'Where's the raspberry?' and Ain't he getting stuck up and lazy! It is madness for a man who is a favourite to change his peculiar style or particular line."

DEAN CALLED A "PAGAN."

Dr. Pigou, Dean of Bristol, recently confessed that he had been addressed as Pique, Picque, Pigon, Pigour, Pickles, Peggue, Puegon, Pagou, and Pagan.

It was, he complained, hard lines to be addressed as "Dr. Pagan," after having been about forty years in orders.

BOUGHT £10 WORTH FOR 11d.

George Pilcher, who at Dover on Saturday was sentenced to two months' hard labour for receiving stolen silver to the value of £10, said he had bought it for 11d.

Prisoner had been re-arrested as he was leaving Canterbury Gaol on completing a term for another offence.

PAVEMENT AS BOOT-JACK.

A Kettering lady has had a trying experience. She was walking across a tar macadamised road when the sun melted the tar, and she stuck fast, her boots having to be taken off her feet and left in the roadway. A claim has been sent to the Kettering Urban Council for the value of the pair of boots.

MOTHER AND FIVE CHILDREN MISSING.

Taking with her her five children, whose ages range from seven years to eighteen months, Mrs. Esther West left her husband's house at Wandsworth on Thursday week. Three of them are boys, and were dressed in Norfolk suits with black velvet hats. The two girls were wearing dark blue costumes.

Nothing has been heard of them since, and Mr. West, bereft of wife and children, sought the aid of the South-West London magistrate on Saturday to give publicity to the case.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE IN THE STREET.

In Milton-street, City, Stephen Hare, aged twenty-three, of Hornsey, walked into the middle of the roadway and hacked at his throat with a razor on Saturday. He was promptly seized, and taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where his wounds were found to be of a serious character.

In his pocket he had a letter which announced his intention of ending his life owing to some trouble in business connected with the licensed victuallers' trade.

TREAT FOR PLAYGOERS.

The acting sensation of the present season will be the appearance in London of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the original French version of M. Maurice Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande." Mrs. Campbell is to play Mélisande, and Mme. Bernhardt Pelléas.

Asked if she had decided to play in French with Mme. Bernhardt, Mrs. Campbell said, "Yes, it is quite true, but the arrangements as to the theatre and the date have not yet been completed."

MILLIONAIRE REPROVED.

Mr. Carnegie has offered Irchester, Northants, the sum of £1,000 for a free library on condition that the parish adopt the Public Libraries Act and agree to levy a penny rate for the first few years. At a parish meeting, held to determine whether the Act should be put into force, a direct negative was moved, the proposer saying he objected to receiving money "wring out of the labourers, and ground out of the steelworkers." The original motion that the Act be put in operation was, however, carried by twenty-three votes to seventeen. The opposers thereupon demanded a poll of the parish, which will be taken.

A statue of General Buller has just been finished by Mr. Adrian Ross, and will be shortly erected at Exeter.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., will leave London on Thursday next for a short holiday in Italy.

Damage to the extent of £15,000 was caused by a fire at Manchester yesterday, when the important engineering works of Messrs. Gresham and Craven were partially destroyed.

Edward Williams was driving a young horse near Boderdin, Anglesey, when the animal bolted, and threw him, becoming jammed between the cart and a gate-post, and nearly decapitated.

Teddington's new lock is now practically complete, and it is expected that it will be opened for traffic in a few weeks. The new lock is nearly four times the size of the one at present in use, and has taken three years to build.

Thunder caused a cabhorse to bolt in Beckenham, and it ran into Ernest Knight who was cycling by. On Saturday he died from lockjaw as a result of his injuries, and left his widowed mother entirely without support.

The parents of the two babies found deserted in a railway carriage at Liverpool-street have been discovered. They are Percy and Norah Terry, of Tottenham. When arrested the man said: "We should not have done it if we had not been so hard up."

Thirty years ago the Oddfellows Brotherhood had an estimated deficit of a million and a quarter sterling. Five years ago this was reduced to £400,000. Now, said the Deputy Grand Master, speaking at Manchester on Saturday, the society can meet all its obligations.

RAT PLAGUE AT THE DOCKS.

There is a great plague of rats on the premises of the various dock companies in London, and a systematic effort is being made to destroy them. Since the work of extermination has been going on 262,782 rats have been killed.

ORCHID WORTH £1,000.

An orchid valued at £1,000, and for which an even larger sum is said to have been refused, is an interesting curiosity at the spring show of the Manchester Botanical Society. The variety is known as the Odontoglossum Ardennissimum.

KILLED BY PILLS.

Eva Benson, a little girl, while with her mother at a neighbour's house in Barrow, got on a chair, took something out of a cupboard, and ate it.

A few minutes later she fell off her chair and died. It was found that she had been eating pills, and her death is ascribed to alkaloid poisoning.

FIVE VICTIMS IN ONE GRAVE.

The victims of the Kilbrin tragedy, Mrs. Colabrese and her four children, who were murdered by their father, an Italian, were buried yesterday. The unusual sight of five coffins in two hearse was watched by a sympathetic crowd. All the bodies were interred in one grave.

LADY CLANCARTY'S ILLNESS.

A telegram from Paris last night stated that the Countess of Clancarty, who a few weeks ago underwent a severe operation in Dublin, has had a relapse. She is under the care of Professor Doyen, the well-known French specialist, who has recently invented a new treatment for the cure of cancer. Her ladyship underwent another very severe operation a week ago, and although now out of danger, is in a very weak condition.

JEWISH BAKERS' STRIKE.

Yesterday the streets of the East End were enlivened by a picturesque procession of the organised Jewish trades in sympathy with the bakers on strike for a twelve hours' day and other reforms.

A notable feature of the parade were two of the bakers on strike seated in a wagon and bearing loaves of bread, while grouped around them were children of the men on strike. Numbers of lady tailoresses, in the regalia of their trade, and carrying their banners, presented a novel spectacle in a trade procession.

WARRANT FOR JOHN BUNYAN.

The original warrant under which John Bunyan was apprehended and imprisoned in Bedford Gaol in 1674 will be offered for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms next Saturday. In it the constables of Bedford are told, "One John Bunyan, you said, Towne, Tynter, hath divers times within one Month last past in contempt of his Majties good Lawes preached or taught at a Conventicle Meeting or assembly under color or p'tence of exercise of Religion in other manner than according to the Liturgie or practise of the Church of England. These are therefore in his Majties name to command you forthwith to apprehend and bring the Body of the said John Bunyan before us."

"EMPIRE" CHAIRMAN DEAD.

The death of Mr. Hector Tennant, on Saturday, removes from the entertainment world a man who, as chairman of the Empire Theatre of Varieties, controlled the most successful place of amusement in Europe.

At first, both as a theatre and a music-hall, the Empire was a failure, and it was through Mr. Tennant, who had the sense to let the school of the Rothschilds, that success finally came in the shape of 66 cent. dividends.

Mr. Tennant was an Australian by birth, and in his younger days an athlete of some note. During recent years he has always been present at theatrical premieres, usually in company with his lifelong friend, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild.

Walter Astbury, a "labourer," so lazy that he would not get out of bed to go to work. The Salford magistrate sent him to goal for two months.

Within a duck's egg with a perfect yolk a Wiltshire man at breakfast found a complete hard-shelled egg about the size of a bantam's.

At Woodnesborough, near Dover, the cuckoo has been heard ten days earlier than last year, and the bird has also reached Battle (Sussex) and Leatherhead (Surrey).

Silver rings were attached to the fins of some of the 250 trout that were placed in the Thames by the Marlow Angling Association on Saturday that their movements may be followed.

Sixty miles west of the Fastnet the Lucania, which has just arrived from New York, received wireless messages conveying intelligence of the terrible disaster to the Russian battleship *Petrovsk*.

The London General Omnibus Company has dispensed with the Sunday relief men, which means that the men have to work sixteen hours on "the day of rest," and for the extra work they get one shilling.

Presiding over the general meeting of Messrs. Babcock and Wilcox, Mr. John Dewrance said that their boilers were to be found in every part of the world, including Abyssinia and Pekin. The only place he was doubtful about was Tibet.

Those who let lodgings in Battersea—and there are many who do—are much concerned by a new by-law which the borough council are considering. It will make it compulsory for all who let lodgings to register their houses as common lodging-houses.

For a whole week in June the works of the London and North-Western Railway at Crewe will be closed owing to the company's having given 700 of their workpeople who are Volunteers permission to go into camp at Chatham with the regular forces.

"WANTED—A STRONG VICAR."

"Wanted, at once, strong, capable vicar for Halifax Parish Church; not under thirty, married or single." This advertisement appears in a Halifax paper, with a request that replies should be sent to "A. J. B." Halifax is indignant that the Premier should have so long delayed in appointing a successor to Archdeacon Brooke, and the "ad." is intended as a sarcastic reminder.

REWARD FOR GALLANT POLICEMAN

Police-constable Gunner, of the City force, who recently nearly lost his life in attempting to save a suicide from Blackfriars Bridge, will be presented with a handsome public testimonial on Wednesday next, at Snow-hill Police Station. He will also receive the Royal Humane Society's silver medal for his gallantry.

DIED WHILE PRAYING.

Police broke into the house of an elderly lady named Storey, who lived alone in Dover, and had been missing for several days. Her body was discovered in a kneeling position, as if she had been at prayer immediately before her death, which is presumed to have occurred about ten days ago.

BECAUSE HIS WIFE WAS ILL.

Because his wife, who was seventy-eight years of age, was seriously ill, Alfred Shuttleworth, aged thirty-eight, a packer of the Borough, hanged himself from a nail in the door by a piece of string. At the inquest it was stated that deceased was a heavy drinker, and the jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

WIFE BEATER AND SUICIDE.

Albert Kempton, of Edmonton, attacked his wife with a poker whilst she was in bed on Saturday. She rushed downstairs in terror, but Kempton followed and struck her again, and her cries brought assistance. After her injuries had been attended to a search was made, and the husband was found hanging in the cellar, dead. No motive is known for his conduct, but he is said to have been in monetary difficulties, and to have given way to drink.

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

Some workmen completing a new house in Leicester were startled to hear a man's voice coming from under the floor pitiously begging for a drink of water. Ripping up the boards they found a respectably dressed man, dazed and faint with hunger and thirst.

He stated that several days previously he had gone into the house to sleep, and while under the beams he had been securely nailed in. In another hour the place would have been bricked up, and the man would have been buried alive.

CONGRATULATED BY THE PRINCE.

When the Prince of Wales made his famous "Wake up, England!" speech, Mr. Maurice Graham, managing director of a firm of engineers at Farnley, Leeds, was much impressed by it. He went to America to study the latest methods, and on his return made a record in putting up new works, which were completed in five months and a half, easily beating all American times. The Prince of Wales has congratulated Mr. Graham on his enterprise.

INHALED GAS THROUGH A TUBE.

Fasting an indiarubber tube on a gas bracket, and putting the end of it in her mouth, Alice Steele, a young Bristol woman, turned on the gas and lay down on her bed to die. She was discovered insensible, and when, after some time, restored to consciousness, remarked: "I have done no harm to anyone. I only tried to take my own life."

There had been a disagreement with her husband owing to her having given way to drink. Upon her promising to take the pledge she was discharged from custody, the husband undertaking to look after her.

A BLACK ASCOT.

Lady's Betting Losses Amounted to More Than £400 in One Week.

Mrs. de Courcy Bowers, of Cardigan-gate, Richmond, admitted in the King's Bench Division on Saturday that the Ascot race week of 1899 was an extremely black one as far as she was concerned. Her luck was quite out, and she lost altogether £445 10s.

It was with the object of recovering this sum that Foster and Company, commission agents, brought an action against Mrs. de Courcy Bowers in Mr. Justice Kennedy's Court. The lady relied upon the Gaming Acts as a defence. She also alleged that the account rendered was inaccurate. The bets in question were made for Mrs. de Courcy Bowers by Major Giles in the Royal Enclosure. Owing to the latter's death during the South African war she was unable to point out where the account was wrong.

Counsel remarked that one of the horses on which the lady lost money was backed both ways, but that did not mean, as the learned Judge in his innocence might imagine, that it was backed both to win and to lose.

The Judge: Oh, innocence has its limits! His Lordship in the result held that the Gaming Acts constituted a good legal defence to the claim, and entered judgment for Mrs. de Courcy Bowers.

His Lordship refused a request that the defendant should be deprived of her costs, observing, "These people know very well what the law is with regard to bets."

GIRL THIEF'S PRECOCITY.

Seventeen-year-old Servant's Fraud on Whiteley's.

At the age of seventeen Amy Miles, alias Beatty May, a servant-girl with a fresh rosy complexion, has acquired an unenviable reputation as a bold and ingenious thief. The Marylebone magistrate on Saturday sent her to three months' imprisonment for stealing underclothing by a trick from Whiteley, Limited, Westbourne-grove.

The girl admits that she has already served terms of three months' and one month's imprisonment, and was only discharged from gaol last Thursday. The following day she called upon a dressmaker in Sutherland-place, Bayswater, and, having given an order for a dress, she agreed to purchase her own material, and asked the dressmaker to write down her name and address, so that she could have the material sent on direct from the shop.

Armed with this piece of paper she went to Whiteley's, handed the paper in, and obtained the underclothing under the pretence that she had been sent for it by the dressmaker. When arrested by Detective-Churchward she told him she thought he had made a mistake, and invited him to take her to Whiteley's. He did so, and she was at once identified.

The magistrate was told by the detective who made the arrest that the girl was an habitual thief, and always went to large firms. There were very many cases against her in which the people concerned would not take action. She had, on one occasion, been sent to prison for six months.

WOES OF THE ORATOR.

Hyde Park Speaker Arrested for His Own Safety.

When you have been in the habit of addressing meetings in Hyde Park off and on for thirty years, it comes a little hard to find you are disorderly. At least, so thinks Mr. James Toope, a china dealer carrying on business in the West End, who on Saturday answered a remanded charge of this description at Marlborough-street Police Court.

The circumstances of the case were as follows:

One evening the defendant was addressing a meeting near the Marble Arch on Atheism and Christianity. Owing to his remarks, and to his not allowing some of the audience to get on to his platform to reply to his statements, there was considerable disorder. He was asked to close the meeting, and as he refused to do so a constable, to prevent further disorder and to protect the defendant from the violence of the crowd, took him into custody.

Mr. E. Watson, who appeared for the defence, said that Mr. Toope, who had been in the habit of speaking in the park for thirty years, did not create any disorder. It was a man in the crowd at fault, and he it was who should have been taken, not the defendant.

Mr. Kennedy: What constitutes your meetings? Mr. Toope: See of us. One of us carries the platform and the other debates with me the merits of Christianity and Atheism.

Mr. Kennedy: You allow no one to interrupt you?—We are allowed by the rules to hold meetings in the Park.

Mr. Kennedy: You go there out of vanity?—If others hold meetings in the Park, why should we not do so?

Mr. Kennedy: It is ridiculous; you think you have a right to call upon the police to interfere with anyone who interrupts your lecture.

Defendant was bound over to be of good behaviour.

DANGEROUS EXERCISE.

For the 120th time Sarah Northern, a flower-seller, fifty-one years of age, was on Saturday charged at the Guildhall with being drunk and disorderly.

She protested that it was the first drop of drink she had had since coming out of prison last February. "I walked ten miles yesterday," she added, "and one or two drinks upset me. I've been very good lately."

The Alderman, remarking that it was a hopeless case, sentenced her to twenty-one days' hard labour.

SATURDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

ALIEN ADMIRERS.

Foreigners' Tributes to the Worth of London Police.

Presenting Constable Walter Funnell, 88 H Division, with a framed testimonial in recognition of gallantry shown by him at a fire, and thereby saving a child's life, the Worship-street magistrate said he was very glad indeed to have the opportunity of thanking the constable.

The rescue was effected amid a crowd of foreigners, and he (Mr. Corser) knew for a fact that among those who came from abroad there was a great admiration for the way in which the London police did their duty. The secretary of a foreign Embassy sat with him one morning during the hearing of the charges, and afterwards commented on the fair, manly, and straightforward manner in which police evidence was given.

EXPERT'S SUICIDE.

Gunmaker Shoots Himself After Giving Evidence.

There has been a startling sequel to the Tooting outrage. When the young man Ritson last appeared on remand Richard Wallis, a gunmaker, was called to give expert evidence dealing with the probable effects of blank cartridge. Wallis, who seemed in ill-health, was cross-examined at some length.

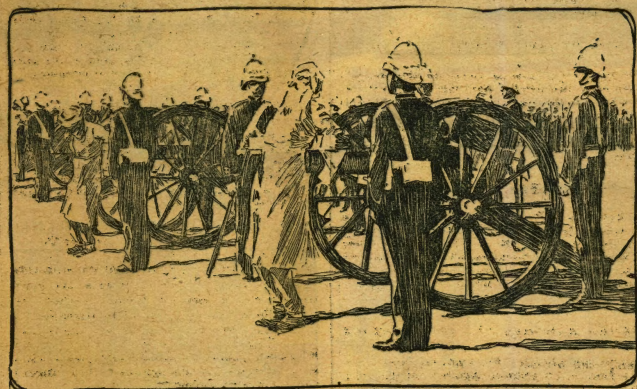
Returning home he complained of pains in the head. Early on Saturday morning he rose and went downstairs, where he was subsequently found shot in a lavatory. Near the heart was a bullet wound, from which death resulted within a few minutes.

TWO VERESTCHAGIN MASTERPIECES.



THE PYRAMID OF SKULLS.

Vassili Verestchagin, the famous Russian painter of war pictures, who was drowned in the sinking of the Petropavlovsk, had the greatest horror of war, and, instead of glorifying its scenes, attempted to produce disgust by his ghastly, realistic pictures of its horrors.



AN ENGLISH EXECUTION IN INDIA.

Another painting by Vassili Verestchagin, in which he preaches his mission of peace by pointing out the sordid side of warfare. There is no glory in the necessary execution of malefactors.

WHY TWO BABIES WERE DESERTED.

"We should not have abandoned the children if we had not been hard up," said Percy Terry, twenty-two, a Tottenham clerk, when he and his wife were charged with the offence.

Police evidence given in the case at the Guildhall showed that the two children, aged eighteen and one month respectively, were discovered on the seat of a railway carriage at Liverpool-street Station. Each had a feeding bottle of milk.

Some neighbours who had seen the report in the papers of the discovery went to the police, and as a result accused were arrested. They were remanded.

REVOLVER AS DEBT COLLECTOR.

Meeting Sidney Angel, a Notting Hill book-maker, whom he alleged owed him money, Thomas John Childs, an engineer, living in Kensington-place, asked for payment. Angel refused, and Childs thereupon produced a revolver. Excitinging "I'll pay you with this," he held it in front of Angel's face. There was a struggle, and Angel, appearing to prosecute at West London, said he heard the weapon click three times.

Childs was charged with attempting to shoot and remanded, the police stating the revolver was loaded in four chambers, and that three of the cartridges were marked as if the hammer had struck them.

FATHER POISONS HIS FAMILY.

An entire Swiss family, consisting of father, mother, and two daughters, have been poisoned at Neuchatel (writes our Geneva correspondent) by the father, who went mad.

The family was one of the wealthiest and best known in the town, and greatly respected. One of the daughters was engaged to be married.

Judge Edgely says that many impudent beggars had written to him asking him to send them some of the money subscribed for the young landress, Lily Ebury.

AN ADDITIONAL ADVANTAGE.

At Southwark Police Court Alfred Pointing, forty-two, member of a local firm of French polishers was charged as a suspected person attempting to pick pockets at Lower-marsh, Lambeth. Police evidence having been given, it was intimated that the charge was totally denied.

Mr. Budden (for the defence): You have ten children, and have the additional advantage of being a teetotaler?

The Prisoner: That is so.

The Magistrate: Did you say ten children, and the additional advantage of being a teetotaler?

Mr. Budden: Yes.

The Magistrate said he believed the evidence given by the police; but, in behaving as he did, prisoner had no felonious intent. Prisoner would be discharged, and he would advise him in future to avoid a crowd, especially where there were a number of ladies.

COMPROMISING TRANSACTIONS.

Annie Morgan, thirty, a tall, well-dressed, and good-looking woman, described as of independent means, was at Highgate Police Court remanded, charged with committing a burglary at 15, Weston-park, Crouch End, and stealing a christening set of silver and other silver and plated articles, value £10, the property of Edward L. Rice.

Prisoner was arrested at her home in Judd-street, King's Cross, and said: "I didn't break into the house. A man whom I only know as Archie gave me the things to pledge." She subsequently signed a written detailed statement concerning goods found in her box, which the police alleged were the proceeds of a burglary.

Morgan, who declared she was innocent, was remanded for inquiries.

Two days are expected to suffice for the completion of the Pollard divorce case, which will be resumed on Wednesday next before Sir Francis Jeune.

A LOST PLAYMATE.

Strange Disappearance of a Little East End Queen of Beauty.

The little children of Cornwall-road, St. George's-in-the-East, are lamenting the loss of the brightest spirit amongst their company, for all attempts to solve the mystery of the disappearance of four-year-old Nelly Toomey have been fruitless.

Her distressed mother is forced to the conclusion that she has been kidnapped. She was an extremely pretty child, and was acknowledged as the queen of beauty among her tiny playmates.

The last time that her mother saw Nelly was on Monday evening. Mrs. Toomey, having to be out at work during the day, usually left the child with her godmother, Mrs. Smith, at Prospect-place, Cable-street, and this she did on Monday. That evening, while Mrs. Toomey was at the gold-mother's house, Mrs. Smith asked Nelly to fetch a loaf from a baker's in Dellow-street, about a hundred yards away.

"The child," Mrs. Toomey told a reporter, "was exceptionally 'cute,' and was in the habit of going errands. Mrs. Smith's little girl went with her to the end of the street. Since then Nelly has not been seen."

"About seven o'clock, feeling anxious at her being so long, I went round to the baker's myself. But she had not even been to the shop. No one had seen anything of her. Not finding her, I went straight to the police station. There they told me that a child could not be considered lost in so short a time. It was 12 p.m. before they took her name and address. I made every inquiry during the next day or two, but not a soul seemed to have seen her."

When she was sent on the errand to the baker's, Nelly Toomey, who has dark eyes and hair, was wearing a white silk frock, a white embroidered pinafore, black socks, and strapped shoes.

JUDGE ON STAGE LAW.

Lessee of the Court Theatre Brings an Action for Form's Sake.

It was as a precaution, Mr. John H. Leigh, lessee and manager of the Court Theatre, explained to Mr. Justice Darling in the King's Bench Division on Saturday, that he had brought an action against Mr. C. Lauder Young, the sub-tenant of the theatre, to recover £250 due for money lent and arrears of rent.

Mr. Young, on his part, contended that there was an agreement between them that the money was not to be paid until he (Mr. Young) received a certain sum from America that he was expecting under the will of an aunt who had died.

The existence of any agreement of the kind was denied by Mr. Leigh, though Mr. Young had left with him a copy of the will, which was afterwards returned. Having no security, he had brought the action as a matter of legal form, and that he might have a hold upon Mr. Young. In cross-examination he said that he had no reason to suppose that Mr. Young wished to avoid payment, and he believed that the money was coming from America.

Learning from Mr. Young's counsel that there was no consideration for the agreement, Mr. Justice Darling observed: If there is no consideration there is no contract. That is the law in England. What is the defendant? Is he an American?

Counsel: No, he is an Englishman. Mr. Justice Darling: He is bound by the law in England. I know it is different on the stage as I know a piece where someone leaves an easel down by will, and the plot all turns round that Mr. Leigh has behaved very well in the matter. He wanted to regularise the transaction, and I am sure he will not enforce judgment if he sees the money will be paid.

Mr. Clay, who appeared for Mr. Leigh, said his client had no intention of being harsh. Judgment was then given for the plaintiff to the amount claimed, with costs.

SHOT BY MISTAKE.

Farmer Kills His Cousin at the Breakfast Table.

How easily fatal gun accidents happen was revealed at an inquest at Tarrington, near Ledbury, Herefordshire, respecting the death of Ada Meek, a young woman who was staying with relatives at Sallerscourt Farm.

Miss Meek, cousin to Mr. John Powell, the tenant, was in the kitchen clearing the breakfast table. Near her stood Mr. Powell busily engaged in cleaning a gun. Suddenly there was a loud report, and Mr. Powell was horrified to see Meek fall to the ground unconscious. Medical aid was at once summoned, but life was extinct ere it arrived.

Taken into custody, Mr. Powell said he was at a loss to account for the affair, adding "That is what I want to know; I remember the gun going off."

Dr. Wood expressed the opinion that the gun went off at the accused's hands while he was sitting in the chair. It was an upward shot.

The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

BOY'S CRITICISM OF HIS FATHER.

With tears in his eyes a small boy of thirteen told the Southwark magistrate on Saturday that his father was "a very wicked man." The child had been called to corroborate the story told by his mother of the cruel treatment she had received from her husband, Thomas Onaes, a member of the Corps of Commissionaires.

Mrs. Onaes said she had been married twenty-two years, and her husband had continually ill-treated her. Because she had no beer in the house at one in the morning he threw a glass at her and cut her head.

Onaes has been remanded by the magistrate on the charge of assaulting his wife.

A blind man in South London twice attempted to commit suicide yesterday. First he endeavoured to jump into the Surrey Canal close by Sumner road, then he cut his throat with a penknife.

"THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" IS GROWING—

A BEAUTY OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

BUFFALO BILL AGAIN.

AN EIGHTY-M



Mlle. Lucienne Wekens, the celebrated Parisian actress, is generally considered to be one of the most beautiful women on the French stage.—(Photograph by Reutlinger.)

NEW STEAMERS THAT TAKE TO PIECES.



The Army Department has ordered several of these sectional steamers, which can be put together or taken apart as desired. They are for use as tenders in out-of-the-way places, where there is no dockyard facility for the handling of large boats.

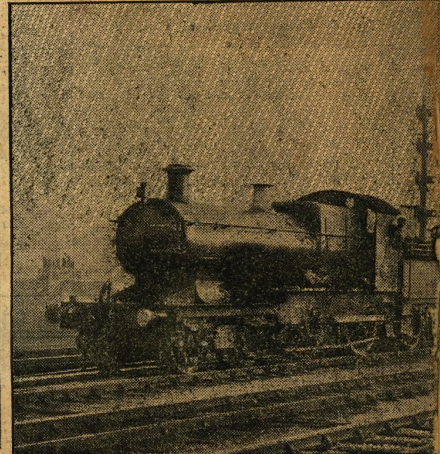
SOUTH LONDON HARRIER RACES ON SATURDAY.



Over fifty thousand spectators turned out to see the spring meeting of the South London Harriers at the Oval on Saturday.



Buffalo Bill, the famous American scout and showman, arrived in England with his "Wild West" Show on Saturday.



The race of the various steamship lines from America. This train, the Ocean Special of the Great Western R. distance of 245 miles, in 4 hours 18 minutes. The average speed of 80 miles per hour was

STRANGE



Parisian models are returning to the early Victorian style of large "coal-scuttle" bonnets.



The regimental pet of the 2nd Middlesex, "hards," is a mule. It wears three medals for the South African campaign.

A SAD SIGHT IN THE PARK.



This pretty cripple child, stretched in a perambulator, is frequently to be seen in Hyde Park. When photographed on Saturday she was looking delighted at the sunshine.



L. REIFF.
L. Reiff, the clever American jockey, and F. Rick Newmarket Heath by the Jockey Club a few years ago probably apply for a renewal of his license.



YUKIO TANI.



JEM MELLOR.

Yukio Tani, a Japanese wrestler, and Jem Mellor, the Lancashire light-weight champion, who are to wrestle at the Tivoli this afternoon for the light-weight championship of the world.



Lord Selborne at Bath on Saturday.

THE CIRCULATION IS NOW OVER 149,000 PER DAY.

AN-HOUR EXPRESS.



London has resulted in some fast running by the boat-trains. The Great Eastern Railway Company, made the journey from Plymouth to London, a speed was 56 miles per hour, but over some sections of the line. (Photographed at end of Milbay Station Yard.)

SHRUBB FAILS.



Alfred Shrubb, the famous runner, failed to break the five-mile record at the Oval on Saturday. (Special "Mirror" photograph.)

AT WORK TO SALVE THE A1.



Karlsson, the famous diver of the salvage ship Belos. He is one of the most celebrated divers in existence, and has done splendid work in the salving of the submarine A1.

GIMENTAL PET.

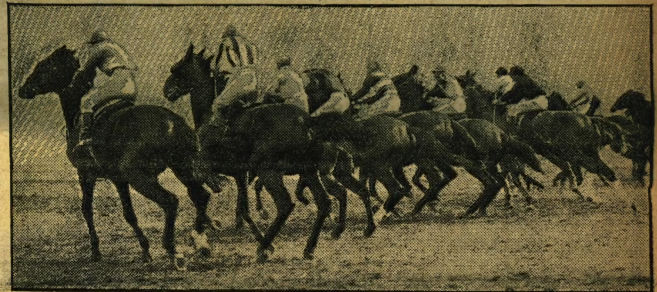


Regiment, commonly known as the "Die- the Tirah medal, with three clasps, and photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)



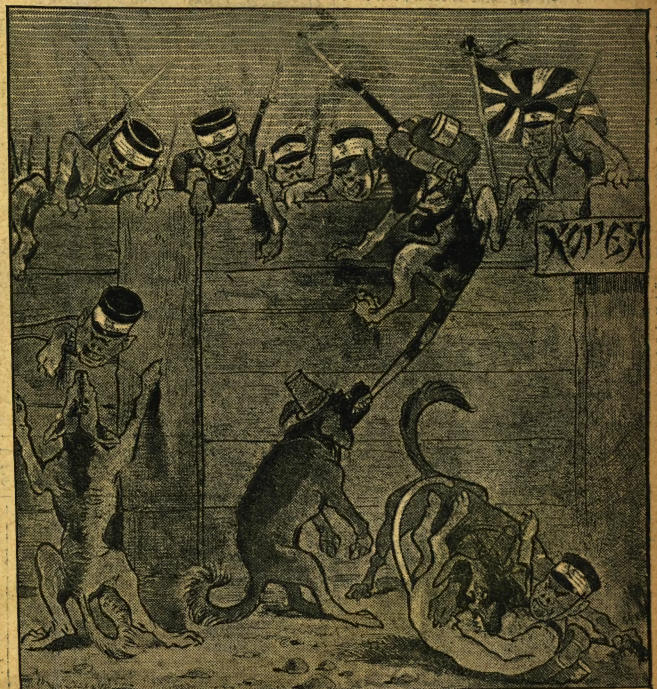
Miss Alice Roosevelt, the daughter of the American President, has been in disgrace with her father for betting on a racecourse.

A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.



A remarkably good start in the Flying Handicap at Newmarket last week.

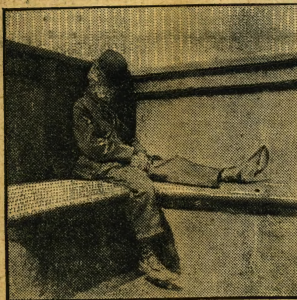
RUSSIAN CARTOON OF JAPAN AND KOREA.



FRIENDS.

"According to reports from Tokio, the Koreans receive the Japanese with open arms."—Daily Paper.—(From the Russian "Kazvletchenir.")

SUNSHINE LEADS TO SIESTA.



The bright sun has conduced to drowsi- ness. A snapshot of an afternoon siesta in London on Saturday.

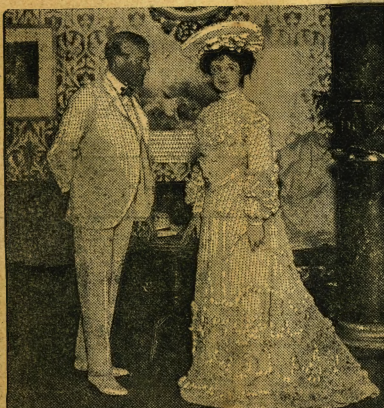


F. RICKABY.

...y, the popular English rider, who were "warned off" ... ago, have had their sentences revoked. Rickaby will ... Reiff has married and settled down in California.



unveiled a memorial tablet to Lord Nelson ... day. In his speech he told how the submarine ... down. (Photograph by Harrison, Bath.)



Mr. George Alexander and Miss Lilian Braith- waite in the new play "Saturday to Monday," at the St. James's Theatre.

MEN WHO OWE SUCCESS TO THEIR WIVES.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

WHAT THE MARRIAGE SERVICE MEANS.

It is an astonishing thing in reading the history of famous men to see how many of them owed their success in life to their wives.

Many a great inventor has confessed he would never have had the courage and perseverance to go on toiling till he brought out the invention that made his fame if it had not been for the help, and sympathy, and encouragement given him by his wife.

Many a millionaire, whose fortune has been a key to unlock for him the highest place and power the world could give, has owed the whole building-up of his wealth to a little woman at home who helped to save and manage in early days, who spurred him on to try and win success for her sake, and who smiled on his efforts, and believed in him.

Lord Beaconsfield used to be prouder of the help given him by his wife throughout his whole career than of any other part of his history. He con-

ced a lower plane instead of helping him up to herself, and higher, she will find herself slipping insensibly down to join him. If she does not use her influence she will lose him.

And there is a curious fact to be brought to the attention of all women, married or intending to marry. The woman who makes her husband—either outwardly or inwardly—is certain also to make herself. His success is her success—they are one and the same through life.

NEGLECTED VEGETABLES

BENEFICIAL FOOD IN THE SPRING TIME.

STEWED CELERIAC.

Celeriac or turnip-rooted celery is not so well-known as its relative celery.

The roots and not the stalks of it are eaten. **INGREDIENTS:**—Two or more roots of celeriac, stock or broth to cover them, about three-quarters of a pint of good white or brown sauce.

Cut off the leaves about an inch from the roots, wash the roots well, and if they are very large

it should be carefully washed and picked over and the stalks cut off.

Next throw it into a pan of boiling water and bring it to the boil, then drain off the water and rub the sorrel through a sieve. Now melt one ounce of butter in a saucepan, add to it one ounce of flour and two tablespoonfuls of good gravy. Then add the sieved sorrel and stir all well together over the fire. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Equal quantities of sorrel and spinach cooked in the above way are excellent.

NETTLES ON TOAST.

The doctors say that the common nettle is a valuable addition to the table at this time of year when the shoots are young and tender.

INGREDIENTS:—Two pounds of young nettle tops and leaves, two ounces of butter, small rounds of toast, salt and pepper, a few drops of lemon-juice.

Wash the nettles carefully. Put them in a saucepan with about a teacupful of boiling water and boil them till they are tender. Do not add more water unless you find it is boiling away too fast. When the nettles are tender drain off the water, pressing the nettles well. Then chop them finely

crumbs over the top, and on the crumbs put a few small bits of butter. Bake the scallops in the oven till they are very hot and a good brown.

CHESTNUTS WITH BROWN SAUCE.

INGREDIENTS:—One pint of chestnuts, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, a pint of stock or more, salt and pepper.

Shell the chestnuts, then put them in a pan of boiling water; boil them for fifteen minutes, and then peel off the thin brown skin.

Put them into a saucepan, with enough stock to cover them, and let them boil for about thirty minutes, or till they can be easily pierced with a skewer. Then drain them, saving the stock. Melt the butter in a small pan, stir the flour into it smoothly, add half a pint of the stock in which the chestnuts were boiled; stir this sauce over the fire till it boils and thickens, and season it to taste with salt and pepper. Arrange the chestnuts in a hot vegetable dish, pour the sauce over and serve them.

BEAUTY HINTS.

MUCH INFORMATION BRIEFLY EXPRESSED.

Those who suffer from tender feet should try bathing them very frequently, at least twice a day. After bathing them in warm water massage them well, rubbing from the centre of the foot towards the toes. Then bandage them with strips of cloth thoroughly wet in witch-hazel, and in the morning dust into the shoes some of the following mixture: One ounce of boric acid, two ounces of talcum, one drachm of salicylic acid, and one ounce of starch, with one drachm of powdered alum. Of course these various ingredients must be thoroughly sifted and then used.

The face must always be washed at night before going to bed if the skin is to be kept smooth and soft. Warm water must be used, to which a little milk may be added, or a pinch or two of fine oatmeal, and no soap. Before washing the face smear a little cold cream over it, rubbing it lightly in, then massage with the finger tips and rub off the superfluity with a clean soft rag. After washing and thoroughly rinsing the face, bathe it well in another basin of warm water and milk or oatmeal. Half a teacupful of milk to half a gallon of water is the right proportion. The face must then be dried thoroughly, and rubbed with a little cold cream, and any that the skin will not absorb must be carefully wiped off. This treatment is very much better performed at night than in the morning.

A Cheap and Efficacious Tooth Powder.

The best tooth powder, and a cheap one, too, to use for everyday is precipitated chalk; but it is an excellent plan once a week to use a little ordinary salt for the purpose, for it cleans the teeth, leaving them spotlessly white. Care must be taken to rinse every vestige of it from the mouth afterwards, and it must not be used oftener than once a week, or it will hurt the enamel. When the teeth feel loose and uncomfortable, it is a good plan to paint the gums three or four nights in succession with spirits of sal volatile. A camel-hair brush should be employed, and care must be taken not to let the sal volatile touch the lips, or it may blister them.

Massage Benefits the Hair.

Massage of the scalp is excellent for the hair, and is done by pressing the fingers firmly against the head and moving the skin backwards and forwards until the whole of the scalp has been treated. Fresh air is very good for the hair, and the more one can be out in it without a hat the better.

Salt water baths should be tried for nervous prostration, and, of course, sea water is the best, but if this cannot be obtained, salt may be put into fresh water, and the bath be taken warm. Bathing the feet in hot salt water before retiring to bed is also very good for those who suffer from insomnia.

To Cure a Stye.

For a stye in the eye the following treatment will be found efficacious. When the stye is forming a little boric ointment slightly softened should be painted over the eyelid with a camel-hair brush. It should be left on for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and then be gently wiped off with a piece of soft rag. The eye should be bathed several times a day with warm boric lotion in the proportion of half a teaspoonful of boric acid to a teacupful of hot water, and then be thoroughly dried with a soft rag, and this must afterwards be burnt and not be used again.

To Burnish the Tresses.

To make the hair glossy and bright it should be brushed well every night and morning with long, even strokes of the brush. The following lotion may with advantage be rubbed into the roots occasionally at night. One ounce of tincture of cantharides and six ounces of castor oil mixed well together. The hair should not be washed oftener than once a month.



A morning frock of pale brown cloth worn with an orchid-mauve velvet waistcoat and trimmed with velvet to match.

stantly declared that it was to her he owed his phenomenal success in life, and that without her sympathy and encouragement he could never have achieved the position that was his. His one anxiety was to share with her, by every means in his power, the fame and place she had helped him to attain.

Mr. Gladstone gave the same testimony as to the help rendered him all through his life by a devoted wife, who worked heart and soul with him, making his interests her dearest care, and fulfilling her duty as helpmate to the very utmost.

The great Duke of Marlborough owed a large measure of his success to his wife, and was proud to acknowledge it. She could not win his battles in the field, but she fought them for him in the Court, and great soldier as he was, he would never have figured on that page of English history to the extent that he did if he had not had a clever and devoted wife to help to place him there.

Don't Look for Perfection.

But it is not only in the way of outward success and prosperity that a husband is made by his wife. She can, and does, make what she likes of him in the way of character, mind, and manners. A woman when she marries comes into possession of a certain mass of raw material, so to speak, which can only be taken in hand and moulded by a wife. She can make or mar the man she marries; in point of fact, she must do one or the other. Her influence, whether for good or evil, is so potent, little as she may guess it, that, together with her marriage vows, she takes on a responsibility so great that she might be excused for shrinking from it did she ever guess at its extent.

But, of course, she never does. In nineteen out of every twenty cases she ignores it altogether. Either she considers her husband so absolutely faultless that there is no need to try and improve him, or else she supposes it to be a law of Nature that men and women are governed by quite different laws all through life, and that for a wife to try and alter what she doesn't like in a husband would be about as hopeless a task as setting the Thames to run backwards, or trying to pull down the dome of St. Paul's with a packthread.

Both of these mistakes are about as large as they can be. No man is perfect, neither is any woman.

Part of the reason for matrimony is, as the *Prayer Book* says, "for mutual help." That does not mean merely for help in keeping house, or for making and saving money; it is not confined to furnishing the wife with a dress allowance, and the husband with a smooth succession of good dingsies; by it is meant help in becoming better men and women, more satisfactory members of society. If a wife lets her husband abide on

WALKING TOILETTES AND MILLINERY FOR THIS MONTH'S WEAR.



Specially drawn for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" by Miss W. Brooke-Alder.

The bodice of this cloth promenade gown is very quaint. It is slashed in order to show a soft white muslin blouse beneath. Carried out in marine-blue serge with braid trimmings this would be a smart, serviceable gown.

cut them, after peeling them, into dainty balls with a vegetable cutter.

Put the celeriac in a pan of boiling salted water, bring them to the boil, and let them boil for five minutes, then drain them thoroughly. Next put them into a well buttered stewpan, add enough stock or broth to cover them and let them simmer gently till they are tender. Put the celeriac in a hot vegetable dish, and pour the sauce over. It can be either brown or white, and should be as thick as good cream.

SORREL.

When possible, sorrel should not be picked until it is time to cook it, for it fades quickly. When it is bought in a shop it should be put in water before being cooked, to revive it. Sorrel should be treated in the same way as spinach—that is to say,

and season them to taste with salt, pepper, and a little lemon-juice. Arrange little heaps of chopped nettles on rounds of hot buttered toast. Warm the butter till it is just oil and pour a little over each slice. Serve this dish very hot.

SCALLOPED SALSIFY.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a half pounds of salsify (weighed after it is cooked), one and a half ounces of butter, half a gill of milk, a teaspoonful of salt, pepper, browned breadcrumbs.

Boil the salsify in water slightly salted till it is quite tender. Rub it through a wire sieve and mix with it —a butter, milk, salt, and pepper.

When thoroughly mixed, divide the result into buttered scallop shells, either the natural shells or plated or china ones. Sprinkle some browned

NO MORE GREY HAIR.

VALENTINE'S EXTRACT
(WALNUT STAIN)

Changes Grey Hair or Whiskers to Light Brown, Dark Brown or Black. One liquid, a perfect, cleanly, and harmless stain. Acts at once—no smell or stickiness—leaves the hair soft and with a natural gloss. Will not soil the pillow. Water-proof from lead, sulphur, etc. It is washable, nourishing, and

1- per bottle, larger sizes 2/- & 3/- by post, 3d extra.

C. L. VALENTINE, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

THE NEW LIGHT.

"Carolinium" Will Make "the Policeman's Lot" at Last "a Happy One."

When the nature of the X-rays was first explained to us we felt something of a dislocation of many preconceived ideas of light. The thought of standing in front of a fluorescent screen and seeing thereon the shadow of one's inner man—of that skeleton which we all carry about with us, but which attracts so little of our attention, unless we happen to damage some portion of it—was distinctly embarrassing.

It seemed to rob us of our privacy. A man's inside was no longer his own, and we felt that the next thing would be that the scientists would be looking into our heads and finding out what we were thinking about—a possibility almost too appalling to contemplate.

But the X-rays were limited in power. They could only throw shadows, and after a short time they had settled down to a career of undoubted usefulness in the hospitals. Then came radium, which gave a penetrating light, a light which could be seen through a metal screen, but we were assured that any volume of that light would shrivel and blanch us, so that we were spared the ordeal and past. It is with the newly-discovered elements, carolinium and bergium, that the menace to our privacy assumes a serious form.

Sacrificed to Science.

These two elements are already spoken of as having before them a great field as illuminants. We are to be lit up, to please the scientists, with a light that will shine through everything. Think what it means. The policeman going his rounds at night and switching the light of his bull's-eye lantern on door and window will no longer have to be content with the knowledge that these are closed, and that no thief is crouching in the dark shadows of area or doorway. The beam of light from his lantern—no longer a dark lantern, since the shutting of the metal slide will be of no avail—will enable him to see farther through a brick wall than our forebears deemed possible.

Doubtless, the light of even the ordinary street lamp will have the same quality, and while the transparency of area or doorway, and the cover of independently illuminating the interior we shall have the uncomfortable sensation that, not only are the eyes of our neighbours upon us, but the eyes of every chance passer-by in the street.

Obvious Disadvantages.

Of course, in some ways we may gain. There is no evil without some compensating advantage, and the sort of man who plays bridge on Sunday evenings in his own home, while condemning the practice in conversation among the stricter of his acquaintance, will be forced to mend his ways, or at least to take up a more honest position. But, while we may by such means be led towards a state of society which has less of humbug than the present, it must be admitted that the dis-

advantages of such a state of things are overwhelmingly greater than the advantages.

When Lord Blank is on his knees in the front drawing-room proposing to the Lady Marz how infinitely trying to some inquisitive housemaid switches on the Carolinium-Bergium light in the boudoir overhead and proceeds to watch the courtship through the ceiling. Worse still, the prowling reporter of some society party might turn a beam of light into the apartment and snapshot the group at the very moment when "the blushing" yo falters from her lips.

When one contemplates such possibilities as these one can sympathise with the authorities in the Middle Ages, who promptly extinguished all scientists. It is clear that the new light cannot be allowed. It must be put down by law.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

Methods of Repression Among the Aborigines.

The action in the Law Courts in which a man alleged that his mother-in-law had labelled him has once more brought prominently to the front that familiar, and possibly much-maligned, member of the family circle.

Already we are in receipt of numerous opinions from those who are apparently anxious to give vent to their feelings on this most debatable topic in cold print, but instead of quoting the experiences of those who have mothers-in-law, we propose to show how mothers-in-law fare among less civilised folk.

In his account of his journey to the shores of the Polar Seas, Franklin has something to say about the North American Indians, the Crees. When a Cree married his first wife he went to live in her father's hut, and Franklin observes that "although the Indian resides with his wife's family, it is extremely improper for his mother-in-law to speak, or even to look, at him; and when she has a communication to make it is the etiquette that she should turn her back upon him, and address him only through the medium of a third person. This singular custom had its origin in the cause which they assign for it—namely, that a woman speaking to her son-in-law is a sure indication of her having conceived an affection for him."

It would seem that this custom prevails among the North American Indians generally, as not only the Crees but also the Ojibwas, and the Ojibwas, while in South America it prevails among the Arawaks. Among the Ojibwas neither the mother-in-law nor the father-in-law will hold any communication with the sons-in-law.

Must Not Speak.

In certain districts in Hindostan a woman is not allowed to speak to her mother-in-law, although, as is frequently the case, she may be living in the same house, and if the mother-in-law requests her to do any thing she shows her acquiescence only by signs—"a contrivance," one author sarcastically

says, "well adapted for securing domestic tranquillity."

Among some of the tribes of Central Africa, directly a brave is married he is not allowed to see his father-in-law or his mother-in-law, and he takes particular care to avoid them, but he must be happy to meet them they cover their faces "as if all ties of friendship were broken."

Among the aborigines of Australia it is compulsory on all mothers-in-law to avoid their sons-in-law, and the mothers-in-law have to take a circuitous route on all occasions to avoid being seen; and when they do see them they have to cover their faces with the rug which every female carries.

Fathers-in-Law Also Tabooed.

In some countries, however, it is the father-in-law who is tabooed. Among the Mongols and the Yakuts of Asia and the Ostiaks of Siberia a woman must not speak to her father-in-law, or sit down in his presence. In China, the father, after the wedding, never sees the face of his daughter again, and he never visits her, and should they chance to meet he covers his face. A similar custom to this prevails in Borneo and Fiji, while in Australia a man must not pronounce the name of his father-in-law.

Among the Kafirs a married woman is required to "blonipa" her father-in-law and all her husband's male relations—that is to say, she is to be off from all intercourse with them. "She has no right to pronounce their names, and when the emphatic syllable of their names occurs in any word she must avoid it, either by substituting another word, or at least another syllable in its place."

From this it will be seen that the custom of avoiding mothers-in-law, and for the matter of that, fathers-in-law as well, is a very wide one, it being practised by the Indians of America as well as the aborigines of Australia.

"THE WHEAT KING."

It was shouting that made "The Wheat King" a success at the Apollo Theatre on Saturday night. Everything in the play (adapted by Mrs. Ashton Johnson and by Mrs. Elliott) is of the late Edwardian type, and the play is a very late and servile imitation of the famous novel, "The Pit" by the late Mr. John Galsworthy, the Napoleon of the Corn Exchange, when Curtis Jadin, the Napoleonic speculator of the story, fails in the gigantic gamble by which he attempted to "corner the wheat market," and where the announcement of his failure arrived amid a perfect pandemonium of yelling brokers. This scene is the great thing in the play.

However little the audience know about the actual methods of American speculators, there is no possible doubt left, after one has seen Mr. Murray Carson's face in the limelight, that Curtis Jadin's "corner in wheat" has "bust."

None the less, it is to be doubted if most praise is not really due to matters that are quite forgotten amid the uproar of the Corn Exchange—namely, the glimpses we have of Curtis Jadin's neglected wife, in the person of Miss Esme Berenger, Miss Berenger's mother, and her sister, and the likely to be remembered long after the about of the brokers has died away in one's ears.

That this man was only a bad imitation of a gentleman.

Janet did not reply. Presently Mrs. Ross bore down upon them. She looked at them closely; she was not sure if they had made up their mind or not.

"Very cosy rooms. No band, I am glad to see," Mrs. Ross observed, as she sat down. "At some places they seem to think one wants to eat to see music, like something tragic on the stage. Don't hesitate to say you think I'm Philistine, Mr. Gray. I am not fond of music. The only time when I was grateful for a band was once when I was dining out with my husband. At the next table a scented creature was telling a friend—and taking the whole restaurant into his confidence—how society women ran after him. I was quite grateful when the band drowned the trick of his vanity. I was told that this dreadful person was a well-known actor-manager. No hot tea-cakes, thank you. An old woman has to think of her digestion. Really only want tea."

He saw her mouth harden at her aunt's contemptuous reference to the actor. He was glad Mrs. Ross did not pursue the subject.

"I suppose London will soon be losing you, Miss Desborough?" he said.

"Janet has not told you that I cannot spare her yet?" interposed Mrs. Ross. "I like having young people about me, and my flat will seem quite lonely when Janet has gone. But that will not be yet, I hope. I have written to ask if they cannot manage at home to spare her for a little longer."

"They lingered over their tea, talking. Mrs. Ross asked him to dine with them on the following night, and Mrs. Ross would be brought nearer their door. Though it might help to keep his wound open, it was something to be near her, to see her, although he could never in the future build a bridge by which they could meet."

They walked to the corner of Piccadilly, where he saw them on to a Kensington "bus and said good-bye. Mrs. Ross was feeling vaguely disappointed. There is nothing a matchmaker finds so irritating as to give young people opportunities of which they fail to avail themselves; and it had struck her when she entered the tea-rooms that matters had not progressed between Janet and Gray.

It was such a pity. Gray was a charming man, and she had heard how well he was doing at the Bar from their mutual friends, the Carrs. However, Gray was coming to dinner; young people always took their time in these matters; perhaps Janet would be brought nearer their door. It seemed so exactly suited for each other. At the corner of their square they alighted from the "bus, and walked up to the flat. Mrs. Ross talking of Gray, and Janet thinking of the other man.

On the hall table a letter was lying. "Not," cried Janet eagerly, as she read the superscription.

Mrs. Ross opened it; Janet, with a little suppressed excitement, watched her read it. She saw that her aunt looked radiant.

"Good-bye, Janet! Your mother will spare you for another month," Mrs. Ross said, handing the letter to her. "I am delighted, child," giving her an affectionate kiss. She added: "I think I told you I have to go to Bristol for three days next

Continued on page 10.

Reflections.

Russia's threat that any war correspondent using wireless telegraphy will be treated as a spy and shot may be due either to a barbaric horror of science or to an anxiety to imitate the Japanese in keeping war plans out of the papers. If the latter theory be correct, they have announced their intention in rather a rough manner. It would surely have sufficed to inform correspondents, as the Japs did, that Marconigrams would not be allowed.

When you hear talk about the "stupidity" and the "brutality" of war, you may take it as a rule that the talker is eminently a man of peace—a man who would not venture within ten miles of a battlefield. Verestchagin, the painter, who went down in the Petropavlovsk, was an exception to this rule. He told an interviewer not long ago: "War is a stupid sport." Yet he spent his life in painting war pictures, and met his death in the search after materials for more.

War has its "stupid" aspect, no doubt, but it brings out many of the finest qualities in human nature. Self-sacrifice, implicit obedience, devotion to duty, not to mention personal courage, are shown in their noblest forms upon the battlefield. It is very easy to say that standing up to be shot at is a fool's game, and that soldiers are brave merely because they have little imagination and do not realise the horrors they face. But, after all, the test of courage is as good as any other, and better than most others. If the most intellectual and highly moral man of our acquaintance were to run away in battle, or to shrink rescuing life from water or fire, neither his great mind nor his high character would prevent us from utterly despising him as a contemptible coward.

Do you suffer from indigestion? If so, you had better consult an oculist. It sounds odd, but many people believe nowadays that strain on the eyes causes all sorts of trouble in other parts of the body. Martyrs to dyspepsia will in future be recommended not to diet themselves or to poisonize their food or to drink hot water, but to wear eyeglasses!

The idea is that when the eye-nerves, which are very sensitive, get out of order, they derange all the other nerve-centres, and, of course, an attack of indigestion usually means that the stomach-nerves are not doing their duty. Doctors know so little about the nervous system and its disorders that this new theory is being hotly discussed. Some call it nonsense. Others are patiently collecting evidence. Meanwhile, it would be just as well for habitual sufferers to treat their eyes as kindly as they can.

Though it is commonly supposed that "marriages of arrangement" are not generally happy ones, a letter which I have received from a correspondent at Exeter shows that the matrimonial bureau has much happiness to its credit.

When I remember my own loneliness in England (says my correspondent, who signs herself "A Nurse") I do not blame women who seek marriage through an agent. If it ended in a marriage as happy as my own, I should advise many more to try it. A gentleman abroad wrote to say he wanted a wife, and through a lengthy correspondence we concluded we were suited to each other. I venture to say neither overestimated their own merits, so we began without mistrust or misgiving, and this was maintained through an ideal (though brief) married life. We were married the day after my first met. My companion proved worthy of his manhood and of my highest esteem, my constant companion, adviser, protector and friend. I can safely advise others to do the same if they exercise careful judgment.

PERSONAL.

KITTY.—Impossible. You know why.—RALPH. TINKINS.—Explain Saturday to Monday.—DILLY. X. O.—Safe, but care. Hear the boys going for H.—WHO. E. B.—A. Mansions, S.W. Sunday, 8.15. Did you forget?—LOWESTOFT.—Will you Whistnude? Must know soon.—GEORGE R. ELLIS.—Can't you understand? Didn't mean unknown. Answer this page.—J. B. GOOSE.—Too late now. Cannot change things. J. says danger. Same address.—QUEERY.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST.—Warrant for One Bale Senna, A in diamond V.R.P.K. No. 106, ex Massilia, lying at Sharp's Wharf, 1-9-03-911.—Apply Beresford and Co., 9, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

LOST, since 11-03-91, in London, a Diamond Brooch, monogram R.A.R. set in gold; also a Monocle in Gold and Turquoise set in gold with pearl. Offered.—Reward given if returned to Mr. Dan Tupper, St. James's Palace.

The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the notice of the advertiser by post only. Trade advertisements in Personal Column charged at 6d. and 1d. per word after—Address Advertiser's Manager, "Mirror," 2, Cannon Street, London.

OUR SERIAL.

Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

JANET DESBOROUGH: A beautiful girl anxious, against her parent's wish, to go on the stage. She has undoubted dramatic talent.

JOHN GRAY: A barrister in love with Janet who has, however, refused him.

HERBERT DAVENTRY: A soundly actor who has spent Janet's first private theatricals got himself introduced to her, and is now determined to marry her and have on her earnings as an actress.

Mrs. Ross: Janet's Aunt, with whom she is staying in London.

CHAPTER VIII. In the Tea-rooms.

Mrs. Ross could not understand why Gray kept away during the next week or so. She had taken it into her head that this young barrister and Janet ought to fall in love with each other, and if only he had cared to take them, she would have given the two young people limitless opportunities of finding out each other's good qualities. This was one of the cases in which the outsider did not see most of the game.

When she met him in Regent-street one afternoon, where she and Janet had gone to do some shopping, she told Gray that she was quite angry with him for his desertion. She noticed the girl's heightened colour.

"Those two young people have had some foolish tiff," she decided, "which in itself argues an attachment." It seemed plainly her duty to give them the chance of making it up.

"I hope you will forgive me, Mrs. Ross. Really I have been exceedingly foolish," Gray said, which was the truth, but she had planned feverishly into work to forget his disappointment.

"I suppose the claims of friendship are nothing as compared with the claims of work," she retorted severely, to show him that he was not to be forgiven so easily. "And I hardly dare ask such an extremely busy person to waste his time in taking us to have some tea."

He laughed. "But I had already made up my mind that I was going to carry you off to those tea-rooms across the road, with the absurd name—is it Chinese?"

"We are forgiving you too easily, but we are both young for tea! And the old lady's eyes, too, are beginning to see her chance of giving these two absurd young people an opportunity to make up their tiff. "But I have to go to Peter Robinson's

first: Mr. Gray, will you and Janet go and secure a table, and when I have been to Peter Robinson's I'll follow you." And off Mrs. Ross went.

The remembrance of the last parting left a momentary constraint upon both Janet and Gray, as they found themselves alone together. And yet to Gray the mere fact of being with her again, of touching her hand, brought him a thrill of happiness.

They walked upstairs into the tea-rooms and sat down at a table in one of the alcoves. He saw that there was a troubled look on Janet's face.

"Mr. Gray, there is something I want to say to you before my aunt comes; something that is rather difficult to say." She spoke hesitatingly. "I want to thank you for—for what you did, and to explain."

"Is there any need for anything to be said?" he asked. "You know that I was glad to be of any service to you."

"But don't you see, I must explain—out of self-respect. I don't want to feel I have lost your good opinion entirely."

"You could never do that," he said in a low voice.

"Ah, but you must have thought worse of me, after I asked you to—to pretend in my service something that was not true. Didn't you?" she asked quickly.

"I was sorry," he admitted reluctantly. "I went to the theatre that night with Mr. Daventry," she said, not meeting his eyes, playing nervously with her glove. "There was no harm in it, and I ought to have told my aunt I was going with him, only I was weak. I knew how much she dislikes theatrical people, and she assumed from your invitation that I had gone with you. I did not think about the consequences until afterwards. When you came the next day I knew she would speak of it to you. I ought to have told her then, instead of asking you to act a lie for me, only—I was ashamed."

"Please don't say another word; I quite understand," he said quickly, "though perhaps he could not help saying it." "Will you be angry if I say that one can understand your aunt's prejudice in this case? Mr. Daventry is only a chance acquaintance, after all—"

"But—you introduced us! I suppose you would not have done that if you had thought he was not the sort of man to be known," she answered swiftly. It was a woman's logic; it implied a taunt that was not quite fair, he thought. Circumstances had placed him in the position, between Daventry's request and her tacit consent, that he could not refuse.

"Yes," he said, "I introduced him."

"Why are you prejudiced against him?" she demanded, almost defiantly. "For you are, like my mother and my aunt. I know that my mother warned my aunt against letting me see Mr. Daventry in town. Oh, I hate to be treated like a child! I am old enough to choose my own friends. And I know of nothing against Mr. Daventry that he should not be my friend. Do you?"

"Really, I know very little of Mr. Daventry," he said.

He could not disparage this man to her, show her the stamp of man he really was. How could he speak against Daventry, who was possibly his rival, to the girl who had refused to marry him? It was well, almost, that he was playing the game. Only women were strange. This gentle well-bred girl was so dazzled by his calling that she failed to see

